Hot. That Roane ſhal be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight: O Eſperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaiſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith, ile know your buſines Harry, that I will, I feare, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you goe.

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, anſwere mee directly, vnto this queſtion that I ſhall aske: in faith, ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudy noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me, my horſe:
What ſaiſt thou Kate? what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?
Well, doe not then, for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſeback, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whither I goe, nor reaſon, whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt, and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you gentle Kate:
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then Harry Percies wife: conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecy,
No Lady cloſer, for I well beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter, what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further, but harke you Kate,
Whither I goe, thither ſhall you goe too:
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you:
Will this content you, Kate?

La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee coine out of that fat roome, and len
thy hand to laugh a little.

Poi. Where haſt bin, Hal?

Prin. With three or foure logger-heads, amongſt thr
foure ſcore hogſheads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtri
humilitie. Sirra, I am ſworne brother to a leaſh of drawer
can call them all by their chriſten names, as Tom, Dicke,
Francis: they take it already vpon their ſaluation, that tho
be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of Curteſie, & t
flatly, I am no proud Iacke, like Falſtalffe, but a Corinth
lad of mettal, a good boy, (by the Lord, ſo they call me)
when I am King of England, I ſhall command all the good
in Eaſtcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying ſcarlet,
when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem, and bid
play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one c
ter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker, in his
language, during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou haſt loſt
honour, that thou wert not with me, in this action; but
Ned, to ſweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this penin
of ſugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnderski
one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then eight
lings and ſixe pence, and you are welcome, with this ſhri
ditiõ, anon, anon ſir; ſkore a pint of baſtard in the halfe m
or ſo. But Ned, to driue away the time till Falſtalffe com
prethee, doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtio
puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the ſugar, and doe
neuer leaue calling Frances, that his tale to me may be no
but anon: ſtep aſide, and ile ſhew thee a preſent.

Poin. Frances. *Prin.* Thou art perfect.

Prin. Frances. *Enter Drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon ſir. Looke downe into the Pomga
Ralph.